

The Kids Are(n't) Alright

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Fushiguro Megumi & Kugisaki Nobara, Fushiguro Megumi & Itadori Yuuji & Kugisaki Nobara

Character:

Fushiguro Megumi, Kugisaki Nobara, Gojo Satoru, Ieiri Shoko (ment), Itadori Yuuji

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Grief, okay so this is angst technically but i dont write angst so it's like., light hearted angst, is that a tag? it is now, We were robbed of fushikugi bonding and this is me fixing that, canonical character death and revival, minor manga spoilers

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The Kids Are(n't) Alright

by [Venxvon](#)

Summary

He can't fall asleep.

Every time he tries the voice comes back, echoing through his mind saying something that he can't figure out. No matter how much he tosses and turns, or how tight he closes his eyes, sleep doesn't come.

Four hours later, Megumi realizes what the voice is saying. He groans and pulls his blanket over his face, his alarm goes off then, as if to remind him he still has a full day ahead of him.

"Live a long life," Itadori says in his mind and Megumi hits his alarm clock hard enough he breaks it.

Notes

Title taken from The Kids Aren't Alright by Fall Out Boy! (Thanks maddy) i wrote this out of spite bc i believe in fushikugi best friend superiority! I have so many deadlines please stop me.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The first time it happens Megumi doesn't really register what's going on.

All he knows is that one minute his eyes were drifting shut and the next he's sitting up, heart racing, and covered in sweat. There's an echo in his mind that he can't grasp, sitting just out of reach. It's someone's voice, saying something that makes his chest tighten and his head hurt.

A nightmare then, probably of his dad or Tsumiki. He sighs and rolls over, nothing to do then but go back to sleep. It wasn't likely to wake him up again.

Except he can't fall asleep.

Every time he tries the voice comes back, echoing through his mind saying *something* that he can't figure out. No matter how much he tosses and turns, or how tight he closes his eyes, sleep doesn't come. He stares at the ceiling, preparing to accept another sleepless night. Some things were inevitable, he guesses.

Four hours later, right as Megumi finishes counting how many scratches are on the ceiling, he realizes what the voice is saying. He groans and pulls his blanket over his face. His alarm goes off then, as if to remind him he still has a full day ahead of him.

"Live a long life," Itadori says in his mind, and Megumi hits his alarm clock hard enough he breaks it.

Needless to say, the rest of the day is hell. Gojo and the second years wait for no one, and his rugged appearance does nothing to make any of them take pity on him. After spending the entire day getting thrown around by Panda, and getting thrown *into* Kugisaki, he falls asleep as soon as his head hits the pillow. He doesn't wake up again until his alarm clock (brand new from Ijichi) wakes him up. He chalks the last night up as an outlier and hopes that it ends there.

True to form, it keeps happening.

It's the same every time. He bolts up from his bed, heart racing, face wet, and Itadori's voice ringing in his ears, always saying the same thing. *Live a long life*.

By the fourth or fifth time, he finally gets bored of staring at the ceiling and decides to go do something. He's not sure what, but

anything would be better than laying in bed and having to watch Itadori die in front of him 100 times before breakfast.

He closes his door behind him as quietly as he can, overly aware of how Gojo seems to be capable of hearing everything that happens on campus. He's been caught trying to sneak out far too often not to know better. Once the door closes he waits a second, just to make sure no one is coming, before finally starting to walk.

He barely makes it five steps before he sees Itadori's door, and that's when he knows he's not going anywhere.

It should just be a door. Before Itadori got there, before they saved each other, it was just a door with an empty room behind it, in Megumi's empty hall. Now it was Itadori's door, with Itadori's empty room behind it, in Megumi's emptier hall.

He sighs as he sits down in front of it. Yeah, it was going to be a long night.

Megumi can't really find a pattern in it. It's not every night, or every other night, sometimes a whole week will go by without Itadori's voice waking him. Sometimes it'd be three nights in a row and Megumi would spend all of them dutifully outside Itadori's door, waiting for the morning ruckus he knew he'd never hear again.

At some point he starts bringing himself snacks, to help pass the time. A voice in the back of his head tells him he's ruining breakfast. He can't really find it in himself to care, the concept of giving himself 'dinner and a show' a little too morbidly amusing to stop. It's not like anyone's around to stop him.

The first time he runs into Kugisaki is awkward, to say the least.

He looks at her, light blanket covering her shoulders, fuzzy socks warming her feet, and soup warm enough it's steaming but not hot enough she can't hold the bowl. Her hair is pinned back, and she looks comfortable as hell sitting in front of Itadori's door.

Wow, Megumi thinks as they stare each other down, his own normal socks beginning to feel woefully inadequate, *She's really got this figured out.*

Because Megumi's pretty sure any chance he had of ever socializing with another kid his age normally died with Itadori, the first thing he thinks to say is, "What happened to not eating after 7?" He immediately wants to kick himself in the teeth after saying it, but it's what comes out.

Luckily, Kugisaki does not murder him for this, instead just rolling her eyes and sitting back against the wall. She slurps more of her soup and Megumi feels an eyebrow raise. She had never done that during their lunches. She mumbles something through the noodles that he doesn't quite catch.

"What?"

"I said," Kugisaki starts again, swallowing her food, "I started doing that so I could eat this late."

"Oh."

Kugisaki rolls her eyes again, letting her attention drift back to Itadori's door. If Megumi thinks about it, they had probably started doing this at the same time then. Kugisaki had definitely announced she wouldn't be eating after 7 sometime after he had started watching the door. If it really was just to adjust her eating schedule, then they had been just missing each other.

"Are you going to sit?" Kugisaki asks, interrupting his thoughts.

"How did you-"

Kugisaki runs a finger along the ground, "You're not exactly subtle," She says, holding up her finger, showing it covered in the telltale dust left behind by Megumi's chip of choice.

Megumi takes a seat next to her, "Just waiting to run into each other then." He says, to fill the silence.

Kugisaki nods, still staring at the door. Megumi stares at it too, wondering if having company for this would be better or worse than spending all night alone.

"Do you ever stop and think about why we're doing this?" Kugisaki asks, slowly putting her bowl down on the floor. "I still can't figure out why I'm doing this."

Megumi pauses, "Jujutsu sorcery? Or-"

“Obviously I meant the door,” Kugisaki snaps, picking the bowl up again.

Megumi opens his first bag of snacks, back to looking at the door and trying to catalogue everything he can about it. He’s not sure why he does it either. He’s not even really thinking of anything, he just sits and stares, and waits for something he knows won’t come.

Kugisaki takes his silence as an answer, and they both settle in, all too aware of how long the night is.

Megumi’s bag crinkles and he looks down to see Kugisaki stealing from it.

“Hey-“

Kugisaki pushes her bowl of noodles towards him and hands him a pair of disposable chopsticks. Megumi stares at them, then looks back at the bowl being offered to him and his, considerably lighter, chip bag.

“You just had these ready?” He asks.

“Just waiting to run into each other, right?” Kugisaki responds, avoiding his eyes.

He nods, breaking apart the chopsticks. Better to share. Better to have someone to share *with* .

Later, after more sitting and waiting, Megumi is surprised to find himself being the one to break the silence.

He had noticed it a while ago, the dent in the door frame. Itadori had left it there after getting too excited and punching the door by accident while throwing his arms in the air.

He tells this to Kugisaki who snorts, unsurprised. She points at the handle and shows Megumi that it hangs slightly loose. She tells him Itadori had pulled it too hard one morning because he was late to class, and had almost ripped it right out of the door.

Megumi finds himself smiling at that, it sounds like Itadori. He points to a mark on the door, she shows him a scuff on the floor, he points to a stain on the lining, she leans forward and gestures at a scratch behind her. All stories, all memories of Itadori. He finds himself smiling as they keep going, finding more things to tell each other

about, and as they reach the end he feels his eyelids getting heavy.

As his eyelids finally begin to droop he thinks, *Maybe this is part of getting stronger too.* And for the first time, he falls asleep before sunrise.

They wake up sprawled on the ground, Kugisaki's arm thrown over one of his legs. The bowl had gotten knocked over at some point and they have broth all over their pjs and crumbs in their hair. It's disgusting and they both complain as they stretch and get up, but Megumi can still feel his smile lingering.

The day isn't bad after that, and when Panda chucks him across the field, it feels less like getting thrown into Kugisaki and more like Kugisaki catching him.

They still hit the ground every time though.

It doesn't become routine, but it happens often enough they're used to it. They still don't overlap every time, and he does it alone once or twice more before they just start waking each other up. Surprisingly, it doesn't mean staring at the door more often. One of the lucky side effects of having someone to share with, is the nightmares happen less. It stops being weird to just walk into Kugisaki's room and shake her awake, or to wake up with Kugisaki standing over him. Neither of them make too big a deal of getting woken up, just mumble until their brain turns on and grab a pair of matching fuzzy socks. Things get easier, they get stronger, and they reach a point where Megumi's sure they'll be fine.

Which is exactly when Itadori ruins it by not being dead.

He doesn't want to get into it, but watching Itadori pop out of that stupid cart makes him feel so many things at once Megumi's sure his brain short circuits. It all coalesces into a few words Megumi knows Gojo would scold him for saying, and he pushes it down deep.

The first night after Itadori's return is (luckily?) spent in the infirmary. Shoko had been against letting him go after everything from the sister school event, so Megumi agreed to stay.

He doesn't say anything when 30 minutes after lights out the door

opens and two people sneak in. Nor does he comment when they both pull chairs up next to his bed and lean onto him. He waits in silence as they both stare, waiting for someone to say something.

He silently puts a hand out.

Itadori and Kugisaki immediately grab onto it and squeeze. Their hands are warm. Itadori's hand is warm, alive. Knowing that does something to Megumi's chest that he doesn't want to think about now. He squeezes back, and lets himself fall asleep.

He wakes up to Gojo giggling as he takes pictures of them, hands still together on Megumi's stomach, Kugisaki and Itadori asleep on his legs.

Megumi has a lot he wants to say to him. About hiding Itadori, about leaving them in the dark. But he knows it's not fair, knows it's for another time. So he just rolls his eyes and looks away.

Gojo must know something though, because he smiles sadly as he puts down his phone. He ruffles Megumi's hair, and pats the other two on the head. Then he leaves, smile still sad, and Megumi's sure they'll be talking about it later.

He sighs and lays back into the pillows, their hands are uncomfortable and sweaty, but he doesn't let go as he falls back asleep. They stay like that until Shoko comes in and yells at them for bothering him. He finds himself smiling again.

That night Megumi spends an embarrassing amount of time staring at his snack pile and fuzzy socks, finally breaking around midnight. This would be the first time he was going without reason but he hates the distance the wall puts between him and Itadori. Part of him knows there is no reason for Itadori not to wake up, but the rest of him wants to ensure it himself. Short of actually going into Itadori's room and watching him, this is his next best option.

He closes his door as quietly as possible, knowing there's someone around to catch him now. He breathes a sigh of relief as the door shuts without a sound and looks up to come face to face with Kugisaki.

The absurdity of it almost makes Megumi laugh then and there. She looks just as shocked as he feels, her bowl of soup still steaming, and

what almost breaks him is that when he looks down he sees they had accidentally matched their fuzzy socks.

Megumi stifles his laughter and just shakes his head, deciding to sit down, laying against the wall he knows all too well. Kugisaki eventually joins him and neither of them say anything. The silence weighs down on them, but not in a bad way, wrapping around them like a blanket, only broken by the sounds of their eating and the odd noise from Itadori's room.

It's weird, staring at the door and knowing someone's behind it. But he can't say he's not ready for it to open.

Finally, after the sun has been up for a bit, the rays lighting the hall, the noise behind the door increases. They both sit up, waiting anxiously for Itadori to come out.

The door clicks, and Megumi swallows his food. They watch the loose doorknob turn, and Itadori peaks out.

They both sigh in relief and fall back against the wall as he emerges, looking exactly as he did yesterday, if not a bit more confused.

"What? Why are you guys out here?" Itadori asks. "Did you guys sleep out here? Did you have a sleepover without me!?"

Megumi can't help but laugh at that and Kugisaki laughs as well. Itadori's whining continues as he approaches them, pouting at being left out. Once Itadori gets in range they smirk at him and both grab a sleeve and pull, until he falls into their pile of blankets and snacks.

He yells as he goes down, and Megumi welcomes the warm weight as it hits, letting himself enjoy the fact Itadori was here and alive. Then, Itadori knocks over the soup bowl and covers all of them in broth. They yell and push and complain good naturedly as they untangle themselves.

Megumi thinks he wants to get used to this, being a trio again. He watches as Kugisaki and Itadori yell at each other, their dynamic unchanged and smiles.

Yeah, he definitely wants to get used to this.

End Notes

Alternative title: Fushiguro and the honestly not that bad, actually pretty fine, no for real it's Alright two months of Yuuji's fake death.

I had a million notes on this and subsequently forgot all of them!
I hope you enjoyed reading!

EDIT: i remembered one. please imagine someone your age from a class and now imagine them getting picked up and spun around by a BEAR and then thrown at you at high speeds. that is the reality tokyo jujutsu students live EVERY DAY.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!